

## Humorous Department

**There's a Reason.**—Young Adolph de Milynus was out driving in his own car. He was a scorcher, and believed in going straight ahead. It was in the heart of Yorkville, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Suddenly a terrified chucking under the wheels told him some accident had happened. He pulled up and glanced back. Two fowls lay dead in his track, while another two were fleeing back to home and safety.

"That'll be 14 shillings, please," remarked a burly man in corduroys, who appeared on the scene promptly. "That's three-and-six pence for the four."

"Four!" gasped Adolphus. "But I only killed two."

"That's right," agreed the fowl's owner, "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist, as he handed over the money. "Due to the fright, I suppose."

The countryman shook his head as he crammed the silver into his pocket. "Parley vram," he agreed solemnly, "but mainly I reckon, because they ain't hens!"

**The Minister Made Her Blush.**—In a town in the west there is a church that has a bright young pastor, but the attendance is unfortunately small. Among the parishioners there is a beautiful young widow. One evening, just as the little widow was about to leave the edifice, she was addressed by the deacon.

"Good evening, sister!" he cordially remarked with the usual handshake. "How did you like the sermon this evening?"

"I think it was just too perfectly lovely for anything!" was the enthusiastic reply of the widow.

"It was, indeed!" heartily returned the deacon. "I only wish that larger congregations would come to hear him."

"So do I," declared the pretty little widow. "The congregation was so small tonight that every time the parson said 'dearly beloved,' I positively blushed."

**Most Obliging.**—A street car was getting under way when two women, rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other, met right in the middle of the car track and in front of the car, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

There the two stopped and began to talk. The car stopped too, but the women did not appear to realize that it was there. Certain of the passengers whose heads were immediately thrust out of the windows to ascertain what the trouble was, began to make sarcastic remarks, but the two women heeded them not.

Finally the motorman showed that he had a saving sense of humor. Leaning over the dashboard he inquired in the gentlest of tones:

"Pardon me, ladies, but shall I get you a couple of chairs?"

**Depended On the Man.**—He was very fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had got a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her, and found she was blind."

"Yes!" gasped his wife breathlessly. "That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband, with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen through easily enough!"

**Dubious.**—An artist and his wife were entertaining some friends at tea in the studio. The host's picture, which had recently been "hung," was the topic of conversation. Said one lady:

"Mr. Vandike, yours was the only picture I looked at in the exhibition."

Vandike bowed and smiled delightedly.

"Believe me, madam," he said, "I appreciate the honor."

But she gave a little start of perplexity.

"Honor?" she said. "The others, you know, were so surrounded by the crowd."—"Tit-Bits."

**Just Like Him.**—An elderly gentleman went into a photographic studio and asked to see the proofs of a picture recently taken of a young man whose name he gave. They were handed to him as a matter of course and he examined them carefully. He seemed pleased and finally said:

"These are my son. This one is a remarkably good photo of him—it is very like him, indeed. Has he paid you for it yet?"

"No, sir," said the photographer, "not yet."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman, "very much like him, indeed."

**Mother Could Help.**—Claudine had disobeyed his parents, and his mother knew it.

"I am afraid," she said, "that when I tell your father what you have been doing this afternoon he will punish you severely."

"Have you got to tell him, mother?" asked the boy.

"Yes," was the reply: "I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

"Well, mother," said the boy, "give him a real good dinner, won't you? you might do as much as that for me."

**Knew His Townsman.**—A Glasgow hawker was touring the provinces, offering for sale his marvelous cure-all mixture, and one day, when about to uncork a bottle for his audience to sample, he found to his disgust that his cork was missing.

"Is there any gentleman in this crowd from Glasgow?" he asked, looking over his audience.

"Yes, I am," came a reply, in an unmistakably Glasgow accent.

"Then lend me your cork," said the quick rejoinder.

**Couldn't Take Picture.**—"You must bring little Gertrude over and let me take her picture some time."

"You can't take her picture, papa Lewis."

"Why not?"

"She's too wormy."

"What?"

"Yes, sir, papa Lewis, she squirms all the time."—Houston Post.

**During the Argument.**—"And you tell me that several men proposed marriage to you?" he said savagely.

"Yes, several," the wife replied.

"Well, I only wish you had married the first fool who proposed."

"I did."

## Miscellaneous Reading.

## THE ESSENTIAL REQUIREMENTS

## Warehouse System from Business and Commercial Side.

From (N. Y.) Commerce and Finance. There is no one better qualified to write authoritatively upon this subject than the Honorable John L. McLaurin, formerly U. S. senator from South Carolina. He is at present warehouse commissioner for South Carolina, in which capacity he has general charge of the warehouse system created by the state, of South Carolina under a law for the adoption of which Senator McLaurin is largely responsible. In answer to a letter requesting that he should prepare a special article upon this subject, he writes as follows:

August 30, 1915.

In response to your letter for an article on "Essentials of a Cotton Warehouse System," I think they may be summed up as follows:

1st. A dry house, and dry cotton to fill it.

2nd. Cheap storage, and low interest rates.

3rd. A negotiable receipt, giving the following guarantees:

(a) The title of the cotton.

(b) The delivery, on the presentation of the receipts, of the identical bales of cotton named therein.

(c) The weights and grades, changes from ordinary climatic conditions excepted, guaranteed in favor of the lender of money or the purchaser of the cotton.

I mention a dry house and dry cotton because this is the foundation of a proper warehouse system. Cotton is practically impermeable, except from damage from water, and under certain conditions it does not require much moisture to seriously damage a bale of cotton. Of course no competent warehouseman permits a leaky roof. The danger is not so much from this as from cotton being stored when it is wet. You can insure against loss by fire, but there is no insurance for damage from wet cotton, and any warehouse system not using every precaution against storing wet cotton is faulty.

Cheap storage is a necessity to induce farmers to store cotton instead of rushing it to the market and breaking prices. It is said but true that the lower the price goes, the greater the rush to sell, because of the fact that it takes more cotton to pay debts at six cents than at twelve cents, and the creditor is always more urgent in pressing his claims when cotton is low, because he fears a loss. It is not that we farmers did not understand that but that heretofore we have been powerless to prevent. To remedy this we must be able to borrow money on the warehouse receipt and pay our creditors. The inability to do this in the past accounts for the tremendous difference in the price of October and May cotton.

The average annual fluctuation between May and October is about twenty-five dollars, or sixty per cent at the present time of the value of a bale of cotton. Is it any wonder that there is great complaint among the producers of cotton? Can you see that practically all of the profit made on the cotton crop has been by the middleman who has purchased it at distress prices in the fall and have sold it in the spring at an enormous profit. In looking over the table of prices for the past ten years, I find that only during one year, 1908, has the price in the fall exceeded the price in the spring. In 1911 it was offered six and a quarter cents for a lot of cotton in my home town. I refused to accept it, and sold the same cotton the next June for thirteen cents a pound—one hundred per cent difference in value for the same cotton. They talk about Wall street gamblers; I don't know any gambling whose risks have been so great as that of the cotton planter battling with adverse financial conditions, weather, etc.

Every legitimate interest in cotton should desire to see stable prices. This never can be done if credit is freely extended in the spring to produce a sufficient crop and then rudely withdrawn at the marketing period. Here is where a proper warehouse system performs its function of transforming cotton into a liquid asset, enabling the producer to carry his product over the twelve months instead of dumping it on the market in October or November.

The lien law is largely responsible for this condition, and has been an unmitigated curse to the south, making of us a one-crop credit country. This law was useful after the war, but was continued long after the necessity for its existence had ended. It is responsible for so many large land owners living in the towns on their rents and leaving the negro tenant and lien merchant to skin the land. Cotton is our money crop, and the tenant is forced to the "all cotton plan" to pay his rent and lien account. If he has money in the fall it is consumed during the winter in buying feed for his stock and provisions for his family, and my experience is that we have been traveling in a circle and getting nowhere. The lien law cannot allow the tenant to hold his cotton, because he must meet his own obligations.

The warehouse receipt has only been good at the local bank, because of the various liens by the landlord and others casting a cloud on the title of the cotton, and any warehouse system that does not provide a receipt which carries title to the cotton cannot meet the situation when outside money is needed.

In South Carolina we have met this difficulty by the state declaring that the warehouse receipt carries absolute title to the cotton, which is to be delivered only on the presentation of the receipt. The lender of money in New York or Boston must know absolutely when he makes a cotton loan that no landlord's lien, or perhaps a trumped-up claim by collusion between creditors, can prevent him from selling the cotton when he calls for it to satisfy his evidence of indebtedness. The warehouse is placed in charge of a bonded state warehouse commissioner.

In addition to this, it is essential that the receipt guarantee that the identical cotton upon which the money is loaned is delivered, thus preventing substitution of inferior grades, which has been frequently done.

Further, the weights and grades of the cotton should be guaranteed in favor of the party who loans the money; otherwise, if loaning eighty per cent of the value on the supposition that it is middling cotton, a small decline in the market might entail loss.

A warehouse system, in order to be

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

## Fact, Fashion and Fancy Calculated to Interest York County Women.

This is a sure and harmless cure for warts: Go to the drug store and get ten cents worth of cinnamon oil and put it on the wart every night and in the morning if you wish. Do not be afraid of getting it on the other skin around the wart, for it will not hurt it. The wart will soon start to disappear as quickly as they came. It is best to apply with a toothpick.

**Petticoats.** Petticoats of muslin are back again in the feminine wardrobe after an enforced retirement of several seasons' duration. They are shaped somewhat differently from their predecessors, having been influenced by the changing lines in outer apparel. Some of the new models incline to close fitting hip lines and flaring flounce. There are others that are only moderately wide through the hem. One reason advanced for the maintenance of the comparatively narrow petticoat is that with the revival of the very wide outer skirt, particularly as advocated for dance purposes, the need for the clinging foundation skirt is at once apparent. Linen makers in Paris have not been seriously disturbed by the war. Naturally this work is done by women, and the greater trouble has been to get it transported to this country.

**Look on the Sunny Side.** Every cloud has a silver lining, no matter how black it may seem. And if your eyesight is keen you can look right through the outer covering of darkness and see the silver lining shining through. No matter how great trouble you may be in, there is a bright side to it, if you know how to look. Just at first your eyes may be blinded by the appalling darkness of it all, but the minute you become accustomed to it and begin to look around, you will see little glimmers of the light, shining through the darkness. Never give up to despair when trouble grips you. The only power that trouble has over you is the power you give it. Each and every one of us has his share of grief and trouble, but those of us who give way to it go under. Only those who stay on top who have learned to look through and beyond the darkness of trouble to the sunshine of peace and content.

**The Pantry.** Several of the readers have requested some good recipes and cookie recipes which do not demand too great cost for the ingredients. A most delicious cake can be made from the remains of ice cream from the Sunday dinner. If you have a plateful left, try this and see:

Take one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat together, add one cupful of melted ice cream, one teaspoonful of baking powder, enough water to make a nice batter—and you have a nice cake, with little trouble.

**Apple Sauce Cakes.** Cream together one cup of sugar and half a cup of shortening; add a little salt, half a teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, one cup of raisins dredged in flour. Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water, then stir in to a cup of sour apple sauce, letting it foam over the other ingredients. Beat all together, add one and three-quarter cups of flour and one cup of chopped nuts. Bake fifty or sixty minutes in a slow oven. This is as good as fruit cake and keeps as well.

**Auburn Molasses Cookies.** To one cup of lard and butter mixed and melted allow two cups of molasses, two spoonfuls of soda dissolved first in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; then, beaten into the molasses until it foams, two eggs, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add flour to mix very soft, and let the dough stand for an hour before rolling out. Cut into cookies of an inch thick and bake in a rather hot oven until a rich brown.

**Ash Cake.** One quart of cornmeal, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of shortening, boiling water. Add salt and shortening, scald meal. When mixture is cool form it into oblong cakes, adding more water if necessary. Wrap cakes in cabbage leaves or place one cabbage leaf under the cakes and one over them; cover with hot ashes.

**DREAMS**

Editor Writes on Life With an Inspiration.

Stick to your dream, boy. Let nothing avert you from the path that leads upward toward the fulfillment of your life's ambition.

You will meet with difficulties and discouragements, but when you do, just think of the man Herreshoff, the boat builder, who died the other day up in Rhode Island. In his life you ought to find inspiration enough to lift you over any obstacle.

A writer in one of our exchanges says that when John B. Herreshoff was a boy his ambition was to design and build the fastest boat in the world. He became blind when yet a boy. That would have discouraged any ordinary boy, for how could a blind man design a model that he could not see? But Herreshoff was no ordinary boy. He stuck to his dream. The heavy handicap of blindness only made him press on all the harder.

The blind boy sat in eternal darkness and whiled away his hours with his hands. Gradually he developed in his fingers a muscle sense that was worth more to him than eyesight would have been. Slipping the model of a boat through his hands he could tell how it should be shaped to slip through the water with the least resistance. Other designers figured out their models by complex mathematical calculations.

But the blind boy felt with his sensitive fingers and his pressure on the keel, when he was twenty-four years old he built the fastest yacht the world has ever known and, while he could not see the boat go, he felt the dash and plunge and swiftness of it, and he wept when they told him his boat had won the race.

The fame of the blind designer of fast boats spread round the world, and England, Russia and Italy gave him contracts for their fastest torpedo boats. He died a few days ago, a wealthy man, better than that, a successful man, for he had stuck to his boyhood's dream and achieved it fully.

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## SHOES For Children Misses and Boys

## WE HAVE TOLD YOU THAT WE ARE PROUD OF OUR LINES OF FINE SHOES FOR LADIES AND MEN. WE ARE JUST AS PROUD OF OUR LINES OF SHOES FOR THE YOUNGER FOLKS. OUR STOCK IS IMMENSE—IT INCLUDES SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY FROM THE TINY TOT ON UPWARD TO THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE—WE WANT TO SHOW YOU—MAY WE?

**—SHOES FOR THE TINY TOTS—**

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**—SCHOOL SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS—**

For Girls and Misses—All sizes, in Gun Metal, Vici, Box Calf, Patent and Tan Leathers—Button and Lace—Cloth and Leather Tops—For Dress and Every Day wear—Priced at 75 Cts. to \$2.50

For the Boys—In all sizes, in Gun Metal, Patent and Tan—Button and Lace—Priced at \$1.50 to \$3.00

**HERMAN'S BOYS' SHOES**—Gun Metal, Lace and Button, Sizes 1 to 5 1-2—This is easily the one BEST Shoe to buy for the boy who is red-blooded and full of the American spirit of doing things—Special Introductory Price \$2.00 the Pair

Then we have all of our Fine Shoes for Men—Herman and Peters' Makes—In Sizes small enough for the young gentleman who wants Fine Dress Shoes like Father wears.

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Of course you'll be needing BAGGING and TIES soon to wrap your cotton crop in. Come to Us. Let Us supply your need. You'll find our prices just right.

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**CARROLL BROS.**

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**"LAND OF FLOWERS"**

**—AND RETURN VIA—**

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY**

**Tuesday September 21, 1915.**

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**Round Trip Fares to—**

	Savannah	Jacksonville	Tampa
King's Creek	\$4.00	\$7.00	\$9.00
Hickory Grove	4.00	7.00	9.00
Sharon	4.00	7.00	9.00
York	4.00	7.00	9.00
Fort Mill	4.00	7.00	9.00
Rock Hill	4.00	7.00	9.00
Chester	3.50	6.50	8.50

**A SPECIAL TRAIN** will be operated from Columbia to Jacksonville on the following schedule:

Lv. Columbia, 2.40 p. m.—Arrive Savannah, 6.40 p. m. (C. T.)  
Lv. Jacksonville, 4.40 p. m.—Arrive Jacksonville, 7.30 p. m.

Excursion Tickets will be good going on Special Train and on ALL REGULAR TRAINS, 5.00 a. m., September 21, to 1.00 a. m., September 22d.

Tickets good returning on all Regular Trains to reach original starting point on or before midnight as follows: To Savannah, Ga., Sept. 26th, 1915; to Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 28th, 1915; to Tampa, Fla., Sept. 30th, 1915. High Class Day Coaches and Pullman Sleeping Cars without charge.

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For full information, Pullman Reservations, etc., apply to Ticket Agents SOUTHERN RAILWAY, or W. E. McGEHEE, A. G. P. A., S. H. McLEAN, D. P. A., Columbia, S. C.

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## A Customer of ours on the main line of the Southern Railway, reports that for